THE
PAGAN
LIBRARY

Magickal Reveries

Dedicated to Bill Heidrick ...who opened the door...

Hugh Read

I am as the Moon
Our Light is ever changing
Healing, gathering

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As Capricorn begins the year darkly
From the depths of light
As the distant Sun
Begins Her Northward Path

Saturn begins her leaden rainbow dance
Giving form to time
The Gates to Formlessness
Make way for new forms

To emerge out of Saturnian Black
Gates of Formlessness
Are now used by wise souls
Seeking Endlessness

As new forms dance in, wise souls may dance out
To Eternity
To explore timeless states
And spaceless being

Saturn planet of time and timelessness
Space and spacelessness
Of limits and freedom
Is our leaden key

To the golden place of immortality
The Bliss of Saturn
Is sweet, rich bliss, indeed
In dark Capricorn

Agape is subtle wine, holy...pure
While Chubby Eros
Is a belching beer
Good old, sad old lust

Is Thelema will with desire charged
Is Thelema greed
Drunk on yeasty-rich lust
Rapine in her heart

Or is Thelema subtle will, divine
Heaven's Spirit scent
Beyond sight, will or mind
Like good Christian Faith

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Isis spread your loving wings over me
Enfold me within
Protect me, Mother,
In my loneliness

Isis spread your loving wings over me
Enfold me within
Lead me to earthly love
Lead me to my Self

Isis spread your loving wings over me
Enfold me within
Surround me with lovers
Who heal me with love

Isis spread your loving wings over me
Enfold me within
Allow me loving friends
Who heal me with love

Isis spread your loving wings over me
Enfold me within
Lead me to earthly love
Lead me to my Self

When bright spark was struck at dark equinox
Hard clarity came
As Sun struck Saturn
In His Earthy home

The Astral Year begins in Saturn's house
In chill mystery
The leaden wheel begins
Her twelve month circle

From Earth to Air to Water to Fire
Then again begin
Spinning wheel of magick
Through time and through space

Twelve stations of the Elemental Cross
Break the calender
Wear tattered calender
Like torn beggar's rags

Twelve mundane months slip over Heaven's Year
Solstice to solstice
Tearing the paper year
With ancient power

Now the dark solstice has come and has gone
Year is born anew
New Year's day ahead
Surly overlay

Vying with our more ancient starry year
The New Roman Year
Trys hard to hide the Gods
Nor can it hide them

For their power is born ever anew
Through the twelve stations
And deep in each month
Their Life births Magick

As Virgo dies the dark Crone encroaches
Hard with Grey Power
Harsh-shrivelled with Wisdom
Of a long chaste life

What seems to be ugly, mean grows in strength
Like a walnut shell
Wrinkled shell, wrinkled nut
Wrinkled wise, old brain

Cruel Death mercifully releases Beauty
Libra roses rise
Gentle Autumn breezes
Pink, red, soft petals

From peak to craggy peak the Horn'd One leaps
Fire in his eyes
Hard shouldered...white-hot chest
Antlered man on high

Blue lightening flashes from his bright-hot thighs
Swift knees crash through trees
In the ancient forest
Of my ancient mind

From those depths my ancient powers rise
Fire in my eyes
Soft heart hardens. Wisdom
Surges in my thighs

Knees and ankles loosen, muscles tighten
I am the Horn'd One!
I am He! I am Free!
Ancient One in me!

Affirmation: I am Pan! I am Cernunnos! I am the Horn'd One.
I am Shiva! I am He! I am Atman! I am Free!

Is Peace possible on Battlefield Earth
No. Not now, Kali
Your Yuga demands War
War is our teacher

Only through War can we learn to escape
Your prison of Time
The only Peace there is
Is hidden within

Each individual heart. Turn within
Make that your War
Exploit the Battlefield
By turning away

That is War enough in Kali's prison
Of Time and of Space
Learn to reverse the Field
And find your own Peace

WHEN SATURN RULED AQUARIUS

The Kiss of Saturn is hot, black, fierce, deep
A hint of Wild Ass
In her blue-black hair
Breasts soft as black Lead

Moulten hips steaming with empowerment
Belly bold with Lust
That heals...and heals...and heals
Uranus! She cries.

"Wild Ass!" I reply. "I am set on you!"
My Wild Ass prances
"For I am Set, my Nepthys
My sweet Wild Ass

I come to claim your dark powers tonight
In Binah tonight
For we are in Binah
Deep set in Binah

Saturn am I! Shivah am I! I AM!
I am Atman! THAT!
I claim you Dark Nepthys
THAT we may be ONE!"

In Atman hide the Secrets of Maya
Terrible Maya
(When we are in Her Claws)
Is kind in Atman

There is a reversal in Atman
Of subtle beauty
Maya becomes God's Will
And I am as God

In Atman. I am as God, Will Supreme
Soft as a Feather
Strong, gentle, wise and firm,
Free! I am Atman!

I am Atman. I am Free. I am He.
In Atman, I AM
As God in Atman.
Free! I am Atman!

SCARABEUS

Golden Fire in my Heart, Immortal!
Dark Sacred Beetle
Flaming in my breast!
Immortality

Hidden in the dung of my existence!
That filthy dung
I roll across my Sky
For all to distain

Hides The Stone of the Wise from prying eyes
And the Mid-night Sun
Hidden by dung-like Earth
Yet lighting the Moon

Hides behind my life lighting up my Soul
As I roll my dung
Making Soul immortal

As I roll my Stone

I met Minerva just now near her tree
Resting from battle
Her helmet on her knee
Hair tumbled on breasts

Parted by brass, surrounded by steel plate
Dark nipples glistened
With dew-like sweat of war
Pale arms quivering

Eager for battle's harsh life-death embrace
Yes! She said to me.
Hell yes! she said. Get laid!
Enter the battle.

My Virgins serve me well, my son! Get laid!
Let your juices flow!
(She spit an olive pit)
Get in there and fight!

She gathered her pale skirts around her hips
Stood, covering strong thighs
Took her shield, sword, helmet
With war shriek was gone

LOVE IS THE LAW

Do what thou wilt is the Whole of the Law
The time of The Will
Bursts forth Now, in the Spring
Implacable bud!

Let your Love burst forth and blossom freely
Thunder of roses
Unfettered by harsh will
Love willed to be Free

To soar with on Her Wings into New Heavens
Over pure New Earths
Love is Will purified
Love is Her own Law!

Sun is born again in primitive Light
With Arian Force
In the Spring House of Mars
New Life Exploding

From cold Winter's Icy dark Womb
Gives force to our Wills
Time of re-SOL-ution
We are born again

Juices of Spring wash us from Winter Womb
As Spring buds push out
We drop from Her belly
Like damp, new born colts

This is the time to re-SOL-ve our new lives
With Nature's Forces
Supporting and healing
As Old Winter dies

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Quote of the moment:

Cogito cogito ergo cogito sum: I think I think, therefore I think I am.

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